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Thames Street church.

THE BATTLE-CRY

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XII.

One day in early October young Milt McBarran happened upon Dawn and Juanita walking in the woods. The brilliant colors and the smoky mists of autumn wrapped the forest and broadened in the sky. An elixir went into the blood with each deep-drawn breath and set to stirring forgotten or hitherto unawakened emotions. And in this heady atmosphere of quickened pulses the McBarran boy halted and gazed at the Harvey girl.

Juanita saw Young Milt's eyes flash with an awakened spirit. She saw a look in his face which she was woman enough to interpret even before he himself dreamed what its meaning might be.

Dawn was standing with her head up and her lids half closed looking across the valley to the Indian summer haze that slept in smoky purple on the ridges. She wore a dress of red calico, and she had thrust in her belt a few crimson leaves from a gum tree and a few yellow ones from a poplar.

Juanita Holland did not marvel at the fascinated, almost rapt look that came into Young Milt's eyes, and Young Milt, too, as he stood there in the autumn woods, was himself no mean figure. His lean body was quick of movement and strong, and his bronzed face wore the straight-looking eyes that carried an assurance of fearless honesty. He had been away to Lexington to college and was going back. The keen intelligence of his face was marred by no note of meanness, and now, as he looked at the girl of the enemy, his shoulders came unconsciously erect with something of the pride that dawned in men of wild blood when they feel in their veins the strain of the chieftains.

But Dawn, after her first blush, dropped her lids a little and lifted her chin, and without a word snubbed him with the air of a Harvey looking down on a McBarran.

Milt met that gaze with a steady one of his own and banteringly said: "Dawn, years like you brought a lot tangled up with a rainbow."

Her voice was cool as she retorted: "I reckon that's better than gitting mixed up with some other things."

"I was just thinking, as I looked at you," went on the boy gravely, "that this Harvey fellow givin' mixed up with anything else."

Dawn turned away and went stalking along the woodland path without a backward glance, and Milt followed at her heels, with Juanita, much amused, bringing up the rear. The latter thought that these two young folk made a splendid pair, specimens of the best of the mountains, as yet unbroken by heavy harness. Then, as the younger girl passed under a swinging rope of wild grapevine, standing low, a tremor caught in her hair.

Without a word Young Milt bent forward and was feeling it tingling through his palms as his fingers touched the heavy black mass, but as soon as she was loose the girl sprang away and wheeled, her eyes blazing.

"How dare you touch me!" she demanded, panting with wrath. "How dare you?"

The boy laughed easily. "I don't do anything I want," he told her.

For a moment they stood looking at each other, then the girl dropped her eyes, but the anger had died out of them, and Juanita saw that, despite her undemonstrative air, she was not displeased.

Juanita, of course, knew nothing of the episode that had led him into the forest, but even without that information, when Young Milt met them mere often that he was attracted to change on their walks and tell into the habit of strolling back with them, strong forebodings began to trouble her.

And one morning these forebodings were verified by crisis for, while the youthful McBarran lounged near the porch of Juanita's cabin talking with Dawn, another shadow fell across the twilight of the shadow of Jed McKish. He had come slowly, and it was only as Young Milt, whose back had been turned, shifted his position, that the two boys recognized each other.

Juanita saw the look with which Jed's figure stiffened and grew tall. She saw his hands clutch themselves and his face turn white as chalk; saw his chest rise and fall under heavy breathing that passed through clenched teeth, and her own heart pounded with wild anxiety.

But Milt McBarran's face showed nothing. His father's massive calmness of feature had come down to him, and as he read the meaning of the other boy's attitude he merely nodded and said calmly: "Hello, Jed."

Jed did not answer. He could not answer. He was waiting and panting every fiber cruelly simply to standing where he was and keeping his hands at his sides. For a time he remained still and white, breathing spasmodically; then, without a word, he turned and stalked away.

That moon a horseman brought a note across the ridge, and as Juanita Holland read it she felt that all her dreams were crumbling—that the soul of them was paralyzed.

It was a brief note, written in a cobbler's hand, and it ran:

"I have to ask you to send the McBarran children over to my house, where they can be coming with the McBarrans, and I can't blame him. He is the head of his family."

A stronger thing to Juanita Holland than the personal disappointment which had driven her to this work was now her eager, fiery interest in the undertaking itself. In these months she had disabused herself of many prejudices. There remained that lingering one against the man with whom she had not made friends.

The thing she had set out to do was a hundredfold more vital now than it had been when it stood for carrying out a dead grandfather's wish. She had been with these people in childbirth and death, in sickness and want, she had seen summer go from its tender beginning to a vagabond end with its tattered banners of ripened corn, autumn had blazed and faded into high carnival.

As young Jed had turned on his heel and stalked away, even before the coming of the note she knew what would happen, and what would happen not only in this instance, but in others like it. This would not be just losing Dawn, but as that was. It would be paralysis and death to the school; it would mean the leaving of every Harvey boy and girl.

So she stood there, and afterward said quietly: "Milt, I guess you'd better go," and Milt had gone gravely and unquestioningly, but with that in his eye which did not argue brightly for restoration of peace between his house and that of his enemy.

When the two girls had gone to gether into the cabin Dawn stood with a face that blanched as she began to realize what it all meant, then slowly the stiffened and her hands, too, clenched and her eyes kindled.

She came across to the chair into which the older girl had dropped listlessly and, falling to her knees, seized both Juanita's hands. She seized them tightly and fiercely, and her eyes were blazing and her voice broke from her lips in urgent vehemence.

"I haven't a goin' ter leave yet!" cried Dawn. "I haven't a goin' ter leave yet!"

No word had been spoken of her leaving, but in this life they both knew that certain things bring certain results, and they were expecting a note from Bad Anne.

"I hope not, dear," said Juanita, but without conviction.

Then the mountain girl sprang up and became transformed. With her right hand she seized Dawn's arm and seemed a torch burning with all the pent-up heritage of her past.

"I tell you I ain't a goin' ter leave yet!" she protested, and her utterance swelled to fiery determination. "After Milt McBarran, I wouldn't spit on him. I hate him. I hate his murdering breed. I hate 'em like—" she paused a moment, then finished to passionately—"like all hell. I reckon I'm as good a Harvey as Jed. I haven't seen Jed no more."

Again she paused, panting with passionate rage, then swept on while Juanita looked at her endless metamorphosis into a fury and a shudder.

"When I wasn't nothin' but a baby I fetched victims for my kintfolks a' hidin' out from revengers. I passed right through men that war struttin' like I've done served my kintfolks afore, an' I'd do it again, but I reckon I ain't a goin' ter let 'em take me away from you."

Juanita could think of only one step to take, so she sent Jerry Freeman for Brother Talbot, whom she had seen riding toward the shack nestled in the valley.

"That ain't but one thing that ye kin do," said Good Anne slowly when he and Juanita sat alone over the problem with the note of Harvey command lying between them. "An' I ain't no ways certain that Milt come ter mebbe. I've got ter go over that an' have speech with Anne."

Juanita drew back with a start of dismay and repulsion. Yet she had known this all along.

"Ye see," she heard the missionary saying, "that's just one way Anne kin handle Jed, an' nobody else kin't handle him at all. He thinks he's right. I reckon of ye kin persuade Anne ter reason with him, ye'll get her to reason that Young Milt ain't a goin' ter hang round here."

"I'd promise almost anything. I can't give them up—I can't—I can't!"

"An' Anne didn't protect little Dawn from the McBarrans. Jed would, ter a God's creature, kin Young Milt," went on the preacher, and the girl nodded miserably.

"I don't know ter blame ye none," he said slowly, almost apologetically, "but I've got ter say kin. He's a perty 'e seen fit ter say so many better things ter Anne. Mountain folks kin't be easy hard in their pride, an' no one kin't never dared ter cross him afore."

"No," she cried bitterly. "He will welcome the chance to humiliate and to reduce my plea. He has been waiting for this; to see me come to him a suppliant on knotted knees, and then to laugh at me and turn me away." She paused and added brokenly: "And yet I've got to go to him in surrender—to be refused—but I'll go."

"Listen," said the preacher, and his words carried that soft quality of pacification which she had once or twice heard before. "That's a heap worse teller than Bad Anne Harvey. If ye could just her seed pore way ter treat him a little different—"

"How could I?" demanded Juanita hotly. "How could I be friends with a murderer and keep my self-respect?"

The brown-faced man looked up at her and spoke simply.

"I've done kept mine," he said. The girl rose.



"Will You Go With Me?" She Asked a Little Weakly.

"Will you go with me?" she asked a little weakly. "I don't feel quite strong enough to go over there alone. While they are humbling me I would like to have a friend at hand. I think it would help a little."

"I'm ready now," and so, with the man who had guided her on other missions, she set out to make what terms she could with the enemy who had so stubbornly defied.

It seemed an interminable journey, though they took the short cut of the foot-trail over the hills.

The house that had come down to Anne Harvey had been built almost a century before. It was originally placed in a section so large that elsewhere it would have been a domain—a tract held under the original Virginia grant. Since those days much of it had been parceled out as marriage portions to younger generations.

Cabins that had once housed slaves, barns, a smoke-house, an outhouse, and a small hamlet of dependent shacks clustered about a clearing which had been put there rather to avoid surprise than to give space for gardening. The Harvey of two generations ago had been something of a hermit scholar, and in his son had lurked a dimly shining craze for books and an increasing passion for leadership.

The feud had blazed to its fiercest heat in his day, and the father of Bad Anne Harvey had been the first Bad Anne. His son had succeeded to the title as a right of heritage, and had been trained to wear it like a fighting man. Though he might be a whole of the wolf breed, the boy was a strong whelp and one in whom slept latent possibilities and anomalous qualities, for in him broke out afresh the love of books.

It might have surprised his newspaper biographers to know how deeply he had combed the few volumes on the rotting shelves of the brick house, or how deeply he had thought along some lines. It might have amazed them had they heard the fire and romance with which he quoted the wise counsel of the foolish Polonius. "Beware of entering a quarrel, till being in, so bear thee that the opposite may beware of thee."

As to entering a quarrel, it sufficed his logic that he had been born into it; that he had "healed" his parents.

And because in these parts his father had held almost dictatorial powers, he had pleased him to send his son, just come to his majority, down to the state capital as a member of the legislature, and the son had gone to sit for a while among lawmakers.

CHAPTER XIII.

In other years Bad Anne Harvey remembered the days in that house when the voices of women and children had been raised in song and laughter. Then the family had gathered in the long winter evenings before the roaring hearth, and spinning wheel and quilting frame had not yet come to the cobwebs of the cockloft. But that was long ago.

The quarter-century over which his memory traveled had brought changes even to the hills. The impassable ghost of decay moored slowly, with no sound save the occasional click of a sagging door and the snap of a cord there, but in twenty-five years it moved—and an indured generation comes to impaired manhood. Since Bad Anne himself had returned from Frankfort his house had been tenanted only by men, and an atmosphere of griminess hung in the shadows. A half-dozen unkempt and loutish kinsmen dwelt there with him, tilling the ground and rarely to hear arms. More than once they had been needed.

It was to this place that Juanita Holland and the preacher were making their way on that October afternoon.

At the gate they encountered a solitary figure pacing steadily out to the front, and when their coming roused a hint of its gloomy reverie it turned and presented the smiling face of Jed McKish.

"Where at they?" he demanded warily, wheeling upon the two arrivals, and then he repeated violently: "By heaven, where at they? Why kin't ye come telled Dawn and Jesse?"

"Jed" said the missionary quietly, "we come over here first ter her speech with Anne Harvey. What's he at?"

"I reckon he's in his house, but ye kin't answer my question. I'm there for ye ter talk ter fast. His sister ye've done been sufferin' ter consort with murderers, an' his me ye've got ter reckon with."

Brother Talbot only nodded. "Son," he gently assured him, "we aims ter talk with you, too, but I reckon ye kin't got to call ter hinder us from havin' speech with Anne first."

For a moment Jed stood dubious, then he jerked his head toward the house.

"Go on in that, ef ye seen fit. I

kin't got no license ter stop ye," he said curtly; "but don't aim ter leave 'thout seelin' me, too."

Several shaggy retainers were lounging on the front porch, but as Good Anne Talbot and Juanita turned in at the gate these henchmen disappeared inside. They would all be there to witness her humbling, thought the girl. It would please him to receive her with his jackal pack yelping decisively about him.

Then she saw another figure emerge from the dark door to stand at the threshold, and the flush in her cheeks grew deeper. Bad Anne Harvey stood and waited, and when they reached the steps of the porch he came slowly forward and said gravely, "Come inside." He led the way, and they followed in silence.

Juanita found herself in the largest room she had yet seen in the mountains—a room dark at its corners despite a shaft of sun that slanted through a window and fell on a heavy table in a single band of light. On the table lay a litter of pipes, loose tobacco, cartridges and several books. Down the strips of sunlight the dust-motes floated in pulverized gold, and the radiance fell upon a book which lay open, throwing it into relief, so that as the girl stood uncertainly near the table she read at the top of a page the caption, "Plutarch's Lives."

But she caught her breath in relief, for the retainers had disappeared.

Bad Anne stood just at the edge of the sun-shaft, with one side of his face lighted and the other dark.

But if to the girl the whole picture was one of somber composition and color, it presented a different aspect to Bad Anne himself as the young mountaineer stood facing the door.

"We've done come ter her speech with ye, Anne," Talbot began. "I reckon ye know what kin't about."

The Harvey leader only nodded, and his steady eyes and straight mouth-line did not alter their sternness of expression.

He saw the stifled little gasp with which the girl read the ultimatum of his set face and the sudden mist of tears which, in spite of herself, blurred her eyes. He pushed forward a chair and gravely inquired: "Hain't ye better set down, ma'am?"

She shook her head and raised one hand, which trembled a little, to brush the hair out of her eyes.

Palpably she was trying to speak, and could not for the moment command her voice. But at last she got herself under control, and her words came slowly and carefully.

"Mr. Harvey, I have very little reason to expect consideration from you. Even now, if it were a question of pleading for myself, I would die first, but I kin't that." She paused and shook her head. "You told me that I must fall unless I came to you. Well, I've come—I've come to humiliate myself. I guess I've come to surrender."

His face did not change and he did not answer. Kinetically, thought the girl bitterly, she had not sufficiently abased herself. After a moment she went on in a very throaty, yet a very eager voice.

"You are a man of action, Mr. Harvey. I make my appeal to your manhood. I suppose you've never had a dream that has come to mean everything to you—but that's the sort of dream I've had. That little girl Dawn, wants a chance. Her little brother wants a chance. I've humbled myself to come and plead for them. If you take them away from me you will smash my school. I don't underestimate your power now. Children are just beginning to come to me, and if you order these to leave the others will leave, too, and they won't come back. It will kill my school. If that's your purpose, I guess it's no use even to plead. I know you can do it—and yet you told me you weren't making war on me."

"I reckon," interrupted Brother Talbot slowly, "ye kin't have no fear of that, ma'am. Anne wouldn't do that."

"But if you aren't doing that," went on Juanita, "I want to make my plea just for the sake of these children of your own people. I'm ready to accept your terms. I'm ready to abase and humble my own pride, only, for God's sake, give them a chance to grow clean and straight and break the shackles of illiteracy."

She waited for the man to reply, but he neither spoke nor changed expression, so with an effort she went on, unconsciously bending a little forward in her eagerness:

"If you could see the way Dawn has untold like a flower, the thirsty intelligence with which she has drunk up what I have taught her; the way it has opened new worlds to her; I don't think you could be willing to plunge her back into drudgery and ignorance. She is a woman, or soon will be, Mr. Harvey. You don't need women in your fields."

Again came the cautioning voice of the preacher in his effort to keep her away from antagonizing lines.

"They hain't been called away for no reason like that, ma'am." But Juanita continued, ignoring the warning:

"The other boy is too young for you to use yet. Let him at least choose for himself. Let him reach the age when he shall have enough knowledge of both sides to make his own choice fairly. I'm not asking odds. You have Jed, and he wears your trademark in his face. The bitterness that looks there shows that he is wholly your vessel; yours and the feud's. Doesn't that satisfy you? Won't you let the others stay with me?"

She broke off with a gasp. Anne Harvey's face stiffened.

Even now he did not speak to her, but turned toward the missionary.

"Brother Talbot," he said slowly, "would ye mind waitin' out there on the porch a little spell? I'd like to talk with this lady by herself."

When he had gone there was a short silence, which Harvey finally broke with a question:

"Why didn't ye say all these things to Jed? I sent the letter on his say-so."

"But you sent it—and all the Harvey power is in your hands. Jed wouldn't understand such a plea. I come to the mountaineer. My school is not a Har-

vey school nor a McBarran school. It is meant to open its doors to both sides of the ridge, regardless of factions."

"Did young Milt come there ter get education? I thought he went ter college down below." The question carried an undertone of irony.

Juanita shook her head.

"No," she answered. "He came there as any other passerby might have come, and he hain't come often. He kin't keep the children and he kin't come again."

For a time Bad Anne stood there regarding her with a steady and piercing gaze, while his brows drew together in a frown rather of deep thoughtfulness than of displeasure.

"I asked Brother Talbot to go out," he finally said, "because I didn't hardly want to butt your feelings by telling you before him that your school can't last. You're goin' about it all the wrong way; an' it's worse to go about a good thing the wrong way than to go about a bad thing the right way. I told ye once that ye couldn't change the hills, an' that ye'd change first yourself. I say that again. Ye can't take fire out of blood with books. But if ye've done persuaded Brother Anne that ye've done good, I didn't want him to hear me belittle ye."

Anne Harvey went to the window, where he drank deeply of the spicy air. Then he began to speak again, and this time it was in a voice the girl had never heard—a voice that held the fire of the natural orator and that was colored with emotion.

"The first time ye saw me ye made up your mind what character of man I

was. Ye made it up from hearsay evidence, and ye ain't never give me a chance to show ye whether ye was right or wrong. Ye say I've never dreamed a dream. Good God, ma'am, I've never had no true companionship except my dreams. When I was a little barefooted shaver I used ter all there by that chimney an' dream dreams, an' one of 'em's the biggest thing in my life today. There were men around Frankfort, when I was in the legislature, that 'lowed I might go to congress if I wanted to. I didn't try. My dream was more to me than congress—an' my dream was my own people: to say here and help 'em."

He stepped over to the table and, with a swift and passionate gesture, caught up two books.

"These are my best friends," he said, and he read on the covers, "Plutarch's Lives" and "Tragedies of William Shakespeare."

The girl looked up in amazement, and she met in his gaze a fire and eagerness which thrilled her.

She felt a wild thrill of admiration, not such as any other man had ever caused, but such as she had felt when she watched the elemental play of lightning and thunder and wind along the mountain tops.

(To Be Continued)

SENTRIES FOR CHURCHES.

A Custom Forced by Native Feuds in the Melanesian Islands.

In the Melanesian Islands the natives carry on feuds with a more relentless hatred even than the vendettas of Corsica. In these islands Christianity has been made, at least in outward aspect, the religion of the people.

That it really does mean something to the Melanesian is evidenced by the reply I received from an intelligent old chief when I asked him why he did not become a Christian.

"I'm to be," he said, "when I kill the devil who kill my boy five years ago."

So relentlessly are these feuds carried on that it is the custom for a native of wealth with a grievance against another, but who finds it impossible or impudent to kill his enemy and secure his head himself, to hire a professional murderer and pay him upon the delivery of the head.

Often in the years that are just gone indiscriminate killing went on with such savage persistence that even during church service "pot shots" were taken at marked worshippers through the doors and windows.

The situation became so acute in one village that the government was petitioned, and the response was the loan to the missionaries of a rifle.

The missionary took the hint and armed one of his natives who stood guard outside the church during services.

And so it became the fashion on many of the islands to add a sentry to the church rolls.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Modern Idea.

"Young people nowadays aren't satisfied to begin life as their parents did."

"Indeed not. My own daughter insists on having a thing from three feet longer than mine and a sleeping porch, which we haven't got yet."

Detroit Free Press.

Heart Instead of Fish.

"Unless a boy for his good deeds rather than speak him for his bad ones. Many a parrot has tried it, with successful results, as well as pleasant ones for the boy."

Headheaded business has made a similar discovery. A Pennsylvania railroad superintendent found that putting in public places the heads of his employees helped to reduce the number of delinquencies.

"I'll try a new game," he said. "The failures I shall keep to myself, but the particularly good bits of work done by the men I shall paste upon a bulletin board where all may read."

And the result of this scheme of heart instead of fish? A quick drop of two-thirds in the number of men who required discipline. That was pure gain, and a big one, for the railroad, but the men profited even more. There was a decrease of more than 70 per cent in loss of wages through delinquencies.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Watch Your Step.

Believe me tell what sort of a person you are from your step. Physicians diagnose locomotor ataxia, paralysis, palsy, lumbago and other diseases by the gait. (One expert says)

"Watch the man who drags his feet along as if it were an effort. He would be the first into a lifeboat from a sinking ship because he has no heart. The woman with the dragging feet is a whiner."

"Watch the woman who hurries along as if she were anxious to get company with the pavement. Her steps are quick and snappy. She has plenty of vim."

"When you see a woman planting her feet firmly on the ground and walking with a free swing you may be sure she is wholesome, to be depended upon and capable. She will be your friend on rainy days just as much as on sunny ones when the sun shines."—Philadelphia North American.

The Invisible Yagui.

Against all assaults upon his stronghold the Yagui Indians of Mexico have proved invincible. For more than a century relentless war has been waged against him by the Mexicans, but they have never subdued him nor tamed him, and as for conquering him, that, it is generally admitted, will come only with his extermination. In the campaign against him the Yagui's most effective weapon is the poisoned arrow. His bow is made of black palm wood, and the arrows are long, sharp and so poisoned as to cause certain but not immediate death. Horrible suffering follows a scratch from this point, the victim dying in from three to seven days. No antidote has been discovered, although the Yagui themselves possess the secret of one.—Boston Herald.

Nails.

A nail is a common article of manufacture which is turned out by thousands every hour in the factory and is always absent in every household when it is most needed. Every house is full of nails. The walls bristle with them. The floors and ceilings are full of them. But if you need one to drive into a wall or to help dispatch a box going by express you might as well look for a gold nugget in an ash heap. When by some miracle a nail permits itself to be discovered it is always crooked. The art of placing it on your wife's best mahogany table and straightening it out with a poker in place of the hammer you cannot locate is an art yet in its infancy. Some centuries hence it may reach a development hitherto undreamed of.—Life.

The Oyster's Diet.

Some interesting facts concerning the diet of the oyster have been discovered by the investigations of the English board of fisheries. The experts have found, for instance, that the oyster is an exceptionally dainty feeder, living almost exclusively on a vegetable diet. Seaweed and the minute plant pollen of the water are its staples. It dines, moreover, only between 12 o'clock noon and 2 in the afternoon. During those hours the oyster opens his shell, permits the water to flow through the feeding gill and expels it. The gill extracts the food desired.—Philadelphia Record.

A Reconstructed Man Costs \$500.

With exhibitions and enticements of artificial limbs now brought to notice one gets to calculating the cost of a reconstructed man. Seemingly a little more than \$500 would suffice. A pair of artificial legs costs about \$170 and a pair of arms about \$100. Eyes, with drums, etc., cost \$75 each; ears \$50 a pair, and so on. Without heart and brain a man is worth about \$500. With them—the price might change.—London Chronicle.

Nothing to Be Said.

Judge—You admit, then, that you stole the loaf of bread? Woman—Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Judge—What have you to say for yourself? Woman—Nothing, your honor. If it was lace or jewelry I might plead kleptomania, but we can't try that when it's bread.—Chicago Herald.

In the Station.

"I want to take a train to New York."

"But, my dear sir, we pay our engineers to do that."—Baltimore American.

Marsh Cure.

Hubby (at breakfast): I've got a bad head this morning. Wife—I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off. Boston Transcript.

The scandal monger is the submarine of the human race.—Life.

Protected by Art.</

TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims that there are many who agree with him to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body are in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight trouble of the system, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

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Time Table in Effect September 28, 1915.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6:55, 8:15, 10:15, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:05 p. m. Sunday—Leave Newport 6:55, 7:55, 11:05 a. m., 8:55, 9:05, 9:05 p. m.
Middleton and Portsmouth—6:55, 8:10, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:05 p. m.
Middleboro—11:05 a. m., 3:05 p. m.
Hingham—11:05 a. m., 3:05 p. m.
Provincetown—11:05 a. m., 3:05 p. m.
Plymouth—11:05 a. m., 3:05 p. m.
New Bedford—6:55, 8:15, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:05 p. m.
Providence (via Fall River)—6:55, 8:15, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:05 p. m.

Domain of Canada.

Canadians are accustomed to take expression of the "Dominion" of Canada for granted, but the origin of that somewhat unusual term is known to very few. When the great scheme of Sir John Macdonald was finally realized and the nine provinces grouped themselves together into one great confederation a serious difficulty was presented by the choice of a suitable name. For a time almost a deadlock ensued. At length one old member of parliament rose from his seat and told his colleagues that he had read in his Bible that very morning the words, "His Dominion shall be from the one sea to the other." Accordingly he suggested that Canada should be known as the Dominion, or God's Land. The suggestion seized upon the hearts and imaginations of those present, and it was promptly acted upon.—Toronto Globe.

Of Good Repute.
"But what is his reputation? That is the principal thing."
"Well, papa, he is reputed to spend fifty thousand a year. That's good enough for me."—Judge.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The River Through Paris.

Small two decked steamers ply on the Seine as it twists its way through Paris. You can catch one every fifteen minutes, and it costs 2 sous (2 cents) to go from one end of the city to the other, a distance of perhaps eight miles, and then once outside the city walls you pay 2 sous more. The Seine river is narrow, dull green and slow moving; not majestic at all, but made picturesque by the life that is upon it. In Paris it is commerce and artistic beauty combined that border its banks. Within the boats that are moored to its piers are so many different kinds of enterprises—bells, hospitals, washhouses, homes, restaurants and lodgings. People live half above, half under the water, and in some places on the Seine for long distances these boats are moored four abreast and following in the like soldiers on march. These are the flottes of boats. When they come up the river freighted their tops are just at the water's edge. The Seine seldom rises or falls very much, as it is held in its banks by concrete walls—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Military Retraite.

Once at an evening reception in Berlin some one drew the attention of Moltke to a magazine writer who had compared him, after the manner of Fletcher, to all the world's greatest commanders—Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, Titus, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, etc. "No," said the great "battler," "I have no right to be compared to such great commanders, for I have never in all my life had to conduct a retreat."—at once the most honorable and difficult operation of war, as the Duke of Wellington himself well knew. The hero of a hundred fights who never lost an English gun, the duke nevertheless knew—none better—what it was to conduct a retreat from Burgos and other places and even to withdraw behind the lines of Torres Vedras till his opportunity again came for making another thrust.—London Illustrated News.

Japanese Economy.

Among the Japanese economy is held to be a high virtue. Two old masters of Tokyo were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a few last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't want to open the whole fun and save it carefully. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fun is eventually used up."

"Twenty years for a good fun?" exclaimed the other. "What a stupid extravagance! In my family we use a fun for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open the whole fun, but we don't wear it out by wearing it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our face!"—Everybody's.

Elizabethan Dyes.

So far back as the days of Elizabeth concerted measures were taken to improve the dyes employed in England. In 1569 a dyer named Morgan Hubbardthorne was sent to Persia, "to the end that the arts of dyeing may be brought into the realm in the greatest excellency, for thereof will follow honour to the realm and great and ample vent of our clothes." He was instructed to "have knowledge of all the materials that may be used in dyeing, be they herbs, weeds, barks, gums, earthen or what else soever. . . . If any dyer of China be found in Persia, acquaint yourself with him and learn what you may of him. Bet down in writing whatsoever you shall learn from day to day, lest you forget or lest God should call you; that come life or death, your country may enjoy the thing that you go for."—London Mirror.

What It Laid.

"An' how did the story trade ye, O'Hooligan?" a northwest coast farmer asked a neighbor one day. "Did it blow much away?"
"Dead, Muldoon," O'Hooligan replied, "it blew every mortal thing off me place, harrin' the mortgage!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Novelty.

Mamma—How shall I have the baby's picture taken? Papa—I wonder if you could have it taken while he's asleep. I'd like to see how it looks that way.—Puck.

Literary Note.

Madge—My favorite authors are Browning and Henry James. I read them over and over again. Marjorie—You have to.—Life.

Go to your bosom, knock there and ask your heart what it doth know.—Measure For Measure.

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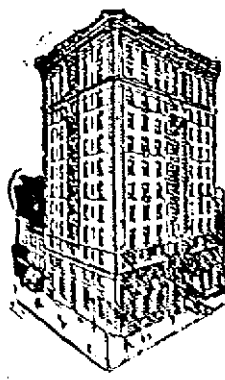
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MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Congress Gaiters and Hurdles and Carpet Bags and the Like.

A London journalist asks, "Where are those elastic side boots, beloved by the men and women of the states?" He probably refers to the boots known in this country as "congress gaiters." Why "congress"? Countrymen visiting Washington thought that members of congress always drank congress water. Perhaps they did, undoubtedly they needed it. But did they necessarily wear congress gaiters? The true western statesman was proud of his leg boots. The popularity of the congress gaiter in this country was due to the ease with which it was put on. It was the shoe for fast men, for independent persons, for those that were mentally down at the level, discouraged and depressed.

Where are those shoes now? But what has become of all the hurdles and where is Peter Hurdler? Where are all the old fashioned carpet bags, the mossy acate things and sleeve buttons, the hair jewelry, the mustache cups and napkin bands? Where are the revolving castles that were once the center of attention of the dining room table? What will you have from the center? Where are the thinking river pliers for water pliers, with gold lined points, that stood on the sideboard or on the table in the directors' room of a bank or office of some corporation? What an amazing amount of junk there must be in this world, including novels that were for a time prodigiously popular, serious books that were once called definite, final, epoch making.—Philip Hale in Boston Herald.

His Great Need.

A new pastor was met by one of his parishioners who was fat and of many years and who said to the pastor, "You must feed the sheep."

Whereupon the pastor replied, "My dear old man, you do not need food; you need exercise."

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THE MCMURRAY WEBSTER

Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school, you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks, "What makes mortal hand?" You seek the meaning of Lockhart's penmanship, the pronunciation of Juliette. What is white coral? This new Webster answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Geography, Botany, Zoology, and the like, and Science, with an authority.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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In Use For Over 30 Years

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FACTORY PRICES. We furnish the highest grade bicycles at actual factory prices. It is possible to make a small profit above factory prices. You may take \$10.00 to \$15.00 profit on every bicycle sold. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers.

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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3¢ PER POUND

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From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, November 6, 1915.

Three hundred and thirty-five millions of gold have been brought to this country since 1915 began.

The city election occurs four weeks from next Tuesday. Have you filed nomination papers yet?

New York's tax will this year be \$21 on a \$1000. The total tax of the city will be two hundred and fifteen millions.

Reports say that there has been a great increase in recruiting throughout England during the last two weeks. Recruiting is now going on at a higher rate than any reached since the early months of the war. King George's proclamation and the execution of Miss Edith Cavell in Belgium both having been the cause of bringing many into the ranks.

It is said that the European War to date has cost the belligerent powers twenty-five billions of dollars. In round figures England has paid six billions, France four billions, Russia four billions, Germany and Austria ten billions and Italy one billion. Such an enormous waste can never be made good. This represents only money loss. The loss in lives has already run up into several millions.

It is the duty of the school committee to ask the voters for the smallest sum of money that will cover the actual needs of the Rogers High School, taking into consideration the inevitable growth of a reasonable number of years to come. But they should not hesitate to ask for what they know is actually required. The division in the school committee over this matter is unfortunate as it will have a tendency to make the voters uncertain as to the actual requirements of the school.

The Suffragists can find little to encourage them in the recent elections in the East. With Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania overwhelmingly against equal suffrage it would seem that the day of full privileges for women at the polls was yet a long way distant. Further, the result of the election cannot fail to show that the women do not want the vote. There are few, if any, male voters, whose opinion could not be influenced by the women of their households. There are few, if any, male voters who would deliberately cast their ballots against the proposition if convinced that the feminine members of their families wished to be given equal privileges. Without any possible shadow of doubt the action of the male voters on Tuesday was a clear indication of the desires of women.

Triumphant Republicanism.

The State elections on Tuesday were everywhere a source of gratification to the Republican party, and must have been a severe blow to the Wilson administration. Many definite conclusions can be drawn from these elections: The Progressive party is dead, having run far behind the Prohibition party in Massachusetts; woman suffrage is not a popular issue and will not be an attractive subject for politicians to tie up to for the purpose of getting votes; Wilson is not the power in his home State of New Jersey that he thought he was; the East is still conservative and has cast aside many of the freak ideas that came out of the West some time ago. Beyond and above all this, it is clearly demonstrated that the United Republican party is again to come into its own, and that a disastrous defeat awaits the Democrats at the next election.

Massachusetts did herself proud. In electing Mr. McCall Governor, Massachusetts chose a man who represents the highest ideal of the Republican party and who can be depended upon to restore the fair political name of the great Commonwealth. His victory over Governor Walsh was a notable one, as Walsh was the strongest man that the Democrats could put up, being personally popular and being backed by all the machinery that he had built up during his time in that office. Walsh is a man far ahead of his party, and he ran far ahead of the rest of his ticket. In addition to the gubernatorial office, Massachusetts is overwhelmingly Republican, as was expected, but the shores of the Republican majorities surprised even the most optimistic.

In New York, the new constitution was one of the chief issues of the campaign, and it was defeated by a large vote. Woman suffrage was a separate proposition there, and it was soundly repudiated in New York as it was in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. The New York Legislature is strongly Republican. In New Jersey, where President Wilson had taken a personal interest in his party, the Democrats went down in defeat, following the defeat of woman suffrage a few weeks before in spite of President Wilson's announcement in its favor.

Next year comes the national election, and the Democratic party must face it with much trepidation. Elected on a minority vote last time, the Democratic administration cannot fail to see the handwriting on the wall which presages a solid Republican front in the next campaign.

Democratic Method of Fixing the Tariff.

The danger from the dumping of cheap goods on the American market at the close of the war is evident, even to former friends of the Underwood act. Such Democrats as Norman E. Mack advocate a change in the tariff to prevent this and to foster certain industries whose need has been so greatly emphasized by the war. But Dr. Redfield will have none of this. He says that a tariff would merely make our people "pay more for the products." But in the next breath he proposes a plan for keeping out altogether foreign goods offered for sale here "at a price below that at which we can produce them." The consumer will doubtless scratch his head and wonder how this would help him. He would have to pay as much and the government would not get any revenue. But the most rigid protectionist would be pleased with such results.

Dr. Redfield's methods will not appeal to all. He would have consular agents empowered to investigate the cost of all goods offered for export to the United States and refuse to sign manifests "if the manufacturer was selling at a lower price than he should." This would presuppose an accurate knowledge of the cost price of such products in the United States. Thus each consular agent would be a mighty man and a mighty busy man. Certain of Dr. Redfield's fellow-partisans have even distrusted the ability of a commission of expert investigators, clothed with large powers and supplied with vast funds, to determine the exact cost of articles at home and abroad. Naturally, they will scorn the idea that each consular agent can perform such service in addition to his ordinary duties. Being committed to the doctrine that goods can be produced as cheaply here as anywhere, they may insist on Dr. Redfield falling back on his old pet panacea, "efficiency."

R. I. Corn show.

The Rhode Island Corn show will be held in Providence December 2nd and 3rd. It will be held in Myles Hall. Many valuable prizes are offered. Gov. Deane, Senator Lippitt and Congressman O'Shaunnessy, all offer trophies of great value. There are besides cash prizes amounting to between six hundred and seven hundred dollars. Any resident of Rhode Island is eligible to enter exhibits. The competition is divided into four classes so that the boys and girls will have a chance as well as the older people. The classes are as follows:

1. Adult Class—Corn, small grains and forage.
2. Special Classes for Women—Human foods made from corn.
3. Boys' Classes, Corn exhibits and judging contest.
4. Girls' classes, Baking, canning and sewing.

The competition is not limited to corn and its products alone, but will include exhibits of small grains, forage crops, sewing, canning, cooking, etc.

A special class has been arranged for the Granges and prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 are offered for the best exhibits. Exhibits in this class must be arranged by a Grange, but it is not necessary that all participants shall be members of the Grange.

All prospective competitors can send to the State Board of Agriculture, State House, Providence, R. I., for a Premium list.

Duration of This War.

A London writer says: "Did any one when hostilities began expect that three countries like England, France and Russia, which were notoriously, and even admittedly, unprepared, could in 14 months not only make themselves ready both by land and by sea, but could also drive the enemy, who for half a century had been preparing for the struggle, back over his own frontiers? If people, instead of wasting time in staid dead languages, which they never master, would give some reasonable attention to history, we will not say general history, but even to the history of their own country, they could not possibly make such a mistake."

"Have our people completely forgotten that their ancestors entered into the war with revolutionary France in 1793, and that, except for two short intervals, the struggle lasted till 1815, a period of 22 years? Compare that with 14 months at the present time. Again, have they completely forgotten that the American War of Independence began in 1775, and peace was not concluded until 1783? Lastly, are they quite ignorant of the fact that the Crimean War began in 1854 and did not end until 1856? And yet the Crimean War was not for conquest."

"If our people would only read up, even in a casual way, the history of the great wars in which this country has been engaged they would see that those who talked of a short war were persons who were completely ignorant of what war means."

Mr. John S. Carr completed twenty-five years of service with the Newport postoffice on Monday. For many years he has been the mail carrier for the Thames street business section of the city, and his care and diligence have been many times commended by Newport business men.

Mrs. James R. Crowley, wife of the Chief of Police, was operated upon at the Newport Hospital on Monday for the removal of gall stones. She is now resting comfortably as could be expected, and her condition is improving.

"A mechanical age truly."

"How now?"

"I just saw an incubator baby being killed to sleep by a graphophone."

Reading News-Times.

Fifty Years Ago.

[Newport Mercury of November 4, 1915.]

A BANK EMBROZLEMENT.

During the week, a community not a thousand miles from Newport has been excited by the disclosure of a financial transaction, damnable in its conception and forcible execution. It appears that a young man of sterling worth and integrity, who had a few thousand dollars left him by a deceased father, was appointed to the position of Cashier of a banking institution. He proved himself competent, industrious and shrewd enough to deal with honest men, but he had one and only one fault—he was too clever, and rather than disappoint a depositor would assume risks. Among the business men of the place was one who had once held a like position, and knew the whole routine of banking business. He was now in another branch of business and shipped an invoice to New York, and drew from the bank double the amount of the invoice. The draft was sent back protested, and the Cashier called upon the person to explain the matter, when his reply was that by some mistake the order was but half filled, but would be at once and it would be right. Days pass by and the note is not paid, and finally the parties are reported as not responsible—the entering wedge is driven—he then says that he is expecting a large remittance, and in a short time he will pay the protested note, but in the meantime he wishes another accommodation, and soon the whole indebtedness shall be paid. The Cashier has confidence in his representations, and fearful of losing that already owing, if his business is stopped, he advanced another amount. In a few days he asks for another loan, and the Cashier refuses to accommodate him, when he is met with a threat that if he does not comply he will expose him in what he has already done, contrary to the usages of banking business, but if he does comply all will come out right.

The Cashier is now under the control of this designing man, and he draws from the institution until there is an indebtedness of seventy thousand dollars, and not one cent repaid. Even the interest is not paid and the Cashier is compelled to pay it out of his own earnings. This scheming man finally withdraws from business and passes his time in leisure. The Cashier finds there is no possibility of the debt ever being cleared up, and it is a source of constant worry to him, and day by day his mind is dwelling upon it, until finally his brain is near turned, and he is obliged to absent himself from the bank. One of the Directors fills his place and in transacting the business from day to day he finds a discrepancy, and very readily proves a deficiency to the full amount. The subject is brought to the Cashier and he makes a satisfactory statement, gives up every cent he is worth, and resigns his position as Cashier. The bank suffers quite a loss, but as it has done a very large business for the past two years, it has a surplus sufficient to withstand this loss and meet its every requirement without any difficulty.

As might have been expected from the free use of liquor the colored soldiers of the 11th R. I. Heavy Artillery, who were discharged last week, did not all get off without breaking the peace. Friday evening, a short time before the Newport fair started, some difficulty arose between one of the soldiers and a citizen, when the soldier drew his revolver and fired, severely wounding a son of Mr. Thomas Barlow. Considerable disturbance was caused by this act, and when the soldier was taken he was severely beaten, but was finally arrested by the police and placed in jail. He is bound over to the next Court of Common Pleas. The boy has nearly recovered.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

[Newport Mercury of November 6, 1900.]

A BIG DEMONSTRATION.

Rev. Father Cogle of St. Joseph's Church, returned from a nine-weeks European trip Thursday evening, and his coming was made the occasion of one of the grandest private demonstrations ever witnessed here. His parishioners had placed the matter of arrangements in the hands of an excellent committee, and then when the time arrived they turned out en masse to help carry out the plans adopted by that committee, the result being an immense procession led by martial music through streets ablaze with colored fire, rockets, etc.

The reverend gentleman arrived here on the evening of 7 o'clock, and the organized assemblage which awaited him on the dock included St. Joseph's T. A. Society, Bishop Hendrickson Council, C. R. L., Newport Council, C. R. L., Division No. 1, A. O. H., Citizens Association, Laborers' Protective Union, and carriages containing Mayor Coggeshall and other prominent citizens. When the procession reached the parsonage residence on Washington square, Mr. Charles Acron fired delivered from an improvised platform an address of welcome, to which Father Cogle made a most feeling reply.

MINE-SWITCHER.

A very pleasant home wedding was celebrated Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Milne on Everett street, when Mr. Joseph Stuart Milne, son of the above, and Miss Fanny Emma, daughter of Mrs. William D. Southwick, were united in marriage by Rev. E. P. Teller, pastor of the First Baptist Church. Only members of the two families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Milne will make their future home in Worcester, where Mr. Milne holds a responsible position with the firm of Leonard, Newton & Co.

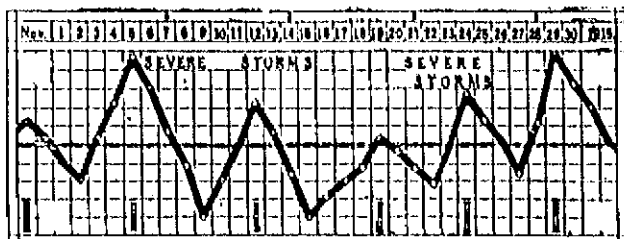
The Old Colony's new steamer Plymouth took her place on the Fall River Line Thursday night, replacing the Pilgrim. She is a handsome, commodious and easy sailer, and in every way fitting companion to her sister craft.

For the first time in many years the Democratic party has elected a Congressman in Rhode Island. In the first district Oscar Lapham has a majority of over 1000 votes, and in the second district there is no election.

"Do you think it implies bad luck to be married on Friday?"

"I don't think the day makes the slightest difference."

WEATHER BULLETIN.



November temperatures will average lower than usual. Lowest temperatures will be during the two weeks centering on November 15, and higher during the two weeks centering on November 4 and 25. Most severe storms and most precipitation during the two weeks centering on November 12 and 24. Precipitation will be above normal on Pacific slope and below normal east of Rockies. Central America, the West Indies and northern South America will get from about to above normal precipitation.

Tide line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departure from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 4, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 10 to 14, warm wave 9 to 13, cool wave 12 to 14. Severe storms are expected with this disturbance from the Pacific to the Atlantic. In these forecasts of dangerous storms there is always one proviso. An earthquake relieves the tension and always lessens the force of the storms. Orthodox scientists still hold to the old, obsolete, worn out theory that earthquakes come from slides. The reverse is true.

Slides are caused by earthquakes and the quakes in the earth are from exactly the same cause as quakes among the clouds, which we call thunder. Both earthquakes and thunder are caused by electric shocks. We are giving close study to earthquakes in order that we may more certainly forecast the dangerous storms. Earthquakes can be definitely forecasted and their location foretold. An earthquake is due not far from November 11 and the force of nature will result, near that time, either in dangerous storms or an earthquake, such as occurred last days of September and near middle of October.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 16, cross Pacific slope by close of 17, great central valleys 18 to 20, eastern sections 21. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 19, central valleys 18, eastern sections 20. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about November 19, central valleys 21, eastern sections 23.

The feature of that week will be colder than usual weather. The storms will be severe on Pacific slope and in the Rockies but of less force as they progress eastward. Rainfall will continue.

PORTSMOUTH.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

The annual town meeting was held at Town Hall on Tuesday. There was very little interest manifested as there was no opposition to the Republican ticket, and the vote cast was smaller than for several years. Out of a possible 441 only 134 votes were cast. The voting resulted as follows:

Moderator—Benjamin Earl Anthony.
Town Clerk—George R. Hicks.
Town Treasurer—Warren R. Sherman.
Tax Collector—William B. Anthony.
Town Sergeant—John J. Crounour.
Town Council—1, Henry F. Anthony; 2, Thomas J. Sweet; 3, Frank C. Cory; 4, William H. Bone; 5, William T. H. Sowers.School Committee for three years—Fred A. Coggeshall, Benjamin F. C. Boyd, Henry F. Anthony.
Assessors of Taxes—John L. Bonten, Arthur L. Bonten, James P. Sherman, Albert W. Lawrence, Guy W. Pulsifer, Bradford Norman, Rostoom P. Manchester.
Justices of the Peace—Isaac Chase, John L. C. Harrington.

Mrs. Joslyn who has been with Mrs. Clara E. Dennis for a long time has returned to her home in Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. Ida Corps of Providence is now with Mrs. Dennis.

Mrs. Andrew Darfee entertained the Helping Hand Society at its weekly meeting on Tuesday.

Mrs. Lucy Anthony entertained about thirty friends at a Halloween party on Monday evening.

Rev. and Mrs. John Cornell have closed their house on West Road and gone to New York for the winter.

The four gray coaches which won so many prizes for Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt are left at Oakland Farm, and are to be cared for there as long as they live. Last week one was killed during the thunder storm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Peckham and son J. Austin Peckham, have moved into their new home which they recently purchased of Mr. Chas. Burbridge.

Mr. Charles Wilson has returned from Newport Hospital where he has been recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Secretary Borden C. Anthony and Treasurer Warren R. Sherman of the Newport County Agricultural Society, were at Fair Hall on Wednesday and paid the premiums awarded at the County Fair.

The Helping Hand Society gave a Halloween supper and sale, in the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was well attended. The tables were in charge of Mrs. Robert M. Pratt, Mrs. William F. Brayton and Mrs. Amanda Cross, who were assisted by Misses Elizabeth Rose, Martha Ashley, Florence Howell, Emily Pierce and Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee. Mrs. Snyder T. Hedy and Miss Elizabeth Rose were at the fancy-work table. Miss Martha Ashley sold postcards. Mrs. William Whitworth and Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee were in charge of the cake table and Mrs. Gordon MacDonald sold pies. Miss Laura Wadsworth and Mrs. William Spooner poured tea and coffee. Mrs. Albert Sherman sold ice cream tickets and Mr. W. F. Brayton served the cream. Mrs. Ralph Freedom sold supper tickets.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur have returned to La Mont Farm after visiting in California and attending the Panama Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Borden, Mrs. George R. Hicks, Miss Hattie Anthony and Mrs. Hannah Sisson attended the meeting of the State Library Association at East Greenwich, recently.

Mr. Robert Purcell who is now in

MIDDLETOWN.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

The November meeting of the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions of the churches of St. Mary's and the Holy Cross, will be held on Wednesday afternoon at the Holy Cross Guild House.

The Paradise Club, which met on Wednesday with Mrs. Lionel H. Poshody devoted the afternoon to charitable work. Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham will act as the hostess next week.

The Oliphant Club held its regular meeting on Friday afternoon with Mrs. Charlotte A. Chase, the hostess presiding at her subject, "Camp and Camino in Lower California."

Anglican Grange is planning a full evening for Thursday, the next meeting which falls on November 11. The 2nd and 4th degrees will be conferred; there will be progressive whist and a harvest supper.

In order that members of the parish of the Methodist Episcopal Church might attend the Prohibition services at the Colonial Theatre, Newport, last Sunday the evening meeting at the M. E. Church was omitted. The next and final membership contest, as reported at the session of the Sunday School was Miss B. Red 31. The Blues led by 2 the previous Sunday.

On next Sunday afternoon, Miss Josephine Blake, superintendent of the Providence Business Home, and an aunt of the pastor, will be the sponsors.

Two very jolly Halloween parties were held last week, one Friday evening at Holy Cross Guild by the members of the Junior Auxiliary, and the second at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Webber. Elaborate decorations were used, pumpkin lanterns preeminent, and there were a variety of games. At the Guild House the evening concluded with dancing. Mrs. Clifford Elliott played for the games, and Mrs. Flora Smith for the dancing. The affair was under the supervision of Mrs. Wilford Chase, second vice president of the Women's Auxiliary. (Some made candy, cake, doughnuts and cocoa were on sale.)

At the home of Mrs. Webber the refreshments were won by complying with some amusing requirement. Mr. and Mrs. Webber have as guests, Miss Edith Hall, niece, from Illinois, and Miss Katherine Jorgensen of Massachusetts.

The final public meeting, for the present, of the Burial Grounds Committee, was held on Friday last at the Berkeley Parish House, Miss Corcoran, from the Newport headquarters, was present, and gave much more detailed directions than had been previously received. Several letters from the hospital in Paris proved of especial interest. Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant, assisted by the members of the Guild, served refreshments. The members of all the churches feel that the time from now until Christmas needs to be spent in preparing for the Christmas season, so whatever is done in the making of these drawings, will be done either in the homes or in neighborhood gatherings for the present.

The Oliphant Club was represented at the autumn meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, last Saturday by the president, Mrs. Kate Bailey, the vice president, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, and its secretary, Mrs. John R. Coggeshall.

Rhode Island had a representation of 13 in the Grange California party which left Tuesday morning, and 6 of those were from Middletown. Of this number, State Master Joseph A. Peckham, his wife, who is Flora of the National Grange, and his sister, Miss Eliza M. Peckham, will attend the sessions of the National Grange at Oakland, Cal., November 10-13. The other members of the party are Messrs. Edward C. Peckham, Alden P. and Ashton C. Barker.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society resumed, on Tuesday, the monthly meetings, the members being guests of Mrs. E. E. Wells at the Methodist parsonage. The greater part of the afternoon was devoted to a report of the recent convention, held in Providence which the president, Mrs. Fred Smith, attended as a delegate, and to plans for conducting the jubilee campaign. By request of Mrs. A. G. Barker of Reading, Mass., branch jubilee supervisor, Mrs. Isaac Peabody was appointed a supervisor for Middletown.

The service for All Saint's Day was observed on Sunday morning at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. The sermon was delivered, as has been customary, by Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee who also acted as celebrant during the Holy Eucharist.

Rev. Everett Smith spent the early part of the week in New York on business. The family is still at "Willow Brook" pending the arrival of their household effects. They hope to be moving in to St. Mary's rectory at an early date however.

Costly Machines.

The present day first line battleship costs \$15,000,000. The 14-inch gun of the American navy is valued at \$65,000; the cost of the mount is \$55,000, or a total of \$120,000. The weight of the gun with its yoke is close to 150,000 pounds. The five-inch rifle of the American navy weighs 11,500 pounds. Each modern battleship of the United States navy carries a main battery of 12 big guns. In addition it carries 24 or 22 smaller guns, usually five-inch rapid fire weapons as a secondary battery, with auxiliary batteries of six-pounders and 3-inch field pieces. There are 8000 tons of armor plate in a modern battleship and it costs about \$490 a ton. The cost of armor plate in a battleship is about \$3,500,000. The up-to-date dreadnought also calls for 2700 tons of specially treated steel. It is worth \$25 a ton, or \$675,000 for the total amount used.

She was reading for the benefit of her spouse. "Just see the frightful effects of rum, John; here's a young man got drunk and walked right into a church."

John (trying to keep out of argument, but half asleep)—Yes, yes, m' dear, rum's liable to land a man most anywhere.—Puck.

"Why does Miss Screemdti always close her eyes when she sings?"

"Well, you know, she is so tender-hearted that she cannot bear to see anyone suffer."—New York Times.

Wigwag—What is your wife mad about now?

Henpeck—Her absent-mindedness. She was going to scold me for something, and now she can't remember what it was.—Philadelphia Record.

NO ARRESTS IN SIGHT

Peabody School Fire Believed to Have Been Purely Accidental

Boston, Nov. 4.—Regarding reports of a possible arrest in connection with the investigation into the parochial school fire at Peabody, in which twenty-one little girls were killed, Deputy Chief Neal of the district police, who is in charge of the investigation, said there is no evidence that anybody set the fire in the Peabody school on purpose.

"We are investigating some features of the case that may change the situation as to the start of that fire," he said, "but there is nothing to base any incendiarism upon in connection with this Peabody school. We haven't anything to arrest anybody for."

WEEKLY ALMANAC, NOVEMBER, 1915

STANDARD TIME.											
	Sun rise	Sun sets	Mon rises	Mon sets	Tues rises	Tues sets	Wed rises	Wed sets	Thurs rises	Thurs sets	Fri rises
Nov 1	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 2	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 3	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 4	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 5	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 6	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 7	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 8	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 9	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 10	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 11	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 12	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 13	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 14	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 15	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 16	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 17	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 18	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 19	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 20	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 21	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 22	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 23	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 24	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 25	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 26	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 27	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 28	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 29	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Nov 30	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 1	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 2	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 3	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 4	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 5	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 6	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 7	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 8	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 9	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 10	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 11	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 12	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 13	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 14	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 15	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 16	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 17	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 18	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 19	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 20	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 21	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 22	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 23	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 24	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 25	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 26	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 27	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 28	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 29	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 30	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19
Dec 31	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19	6 14	5 10	4 06	6 24	4 31	3 27	6 19

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At the Wheel

Eula Gardner stood at the hotel veranda in a big brown linen frock and a white felt hat.

"Do you mean to say that you are going on the water this morning?" asked a dozen girls.

"I must surely am, answered Eula, glancing out to where crisp little waves dashed audaciously on the surface of the bay."

"Just consider—the great Fenmore has arrived; we bailed him with our own eyes. And, oh, Eula, but he is one to look at!"

"Just to hear it," she replied brightly, "but what can be gained by sitting on a day if it is this morning?"

"I look of your complexion, careless child! How will you look in the parlors this evening to the brilliant eyes of an artist, with your face unadorned and your golden curls wind-roughened?"

"One day will not suffice to restore me to my former beauty. I therefore generously leave the coast clear for the rest of you, and continue to enjoy myself."

With a laugh she ran down to the pier where her tiny motorboat was tied ready for her.

She is certainly a wonder with a boat, observed the girls who watched her puff jauntily away.

"This is right when she says she leaves the coast clear for the rest of us, though, though capable, independent sort of girls are never popular with men of artistic temperaments."

And each girl began secretly to wonder in which particular gown she would most resemble the wonderful creations of the great Fenmore's magic brush.

"The little white boat with the girl at the wheel sped from one favorite point of the bay to another."

"There is something wrong this morning," said Eula, listening to the beat of the engine.

She had dived into the center of the bay, which seemed to be clear of boats at that hour, and knelt down with her back toward the boat to find the trouble.

The shipping became more and more frequent, and the girl's brows were pressed into wrinkles of annoyance.

Suddenly a crash and a cry brought her to her feet. She was headed toward shore, and a little eastern boy, an overboard swimmer, with a man clinging to it.

"Oh," cried the girl, motionless with terror. "What can I do? Hang on, hang on!" she screamed, her presence of mind returning, and she swept back in a big curve toward him.

"Oh," she sobbed. "It is all my fault. If the engine only holds out!"

As she ran up close on the opposite side of the skiff she flung out a life-preserver.

"Can you swim?" she called.

"Yes—yes," he nodded back.

She took another circle while the man put on the jacket with one hand, clinging to the boat with the other. She did not dare stop the engine for fear she could not start it again in its present condition.

"I must tow him ashore," she thought. "There is no use in attempting to get him into the boat—I am too weak and the boat is too small!"

When she came up the second time she flung out the tow rope and allowed down the engine as much as she dared.

The man caught the rope with difficulty. All his motions were strangely slow and labored.

With the utmost difficulty she drew him to the side of her craft.

"Do you think you can hang on until we get ashore?" she asked anxiously.

"I'll try," he smiled with a look that made Eula sob.

With one hand she clung to his coat. The other outstretched as far as possible, just reached the wheel. They entered quiet water under shelter of the point, and Eula loosening her grasp upon the exhausted man, turned off the switch.

As the little boat grounded upon the beach the girl was out over the dry land, helping the staggering man to dry land.

He sank senseless upon the warm sand.

"Oh, I don't know what to do," the poor girl cried frantically removing the cork jacket and his water-filled coat and shoes.

The grating of the boat's bow reminded her to secure it, and also to get the flask she always kept in the locker.

"Did I faint?" he asked in a dazed way.

"I thought you were dead," she sobbed.

"Why, don't worry like this, child; I was not in the water long enough. But some way in going over I hit my head and left hand. That bothered me about holding on, and after awhile my head felt queer."

"Do not talk," ordered Eula, brusque in her relief.

With great difficulty she helped him to a shady nook and made him comfortable with boat cushions.

"I must go out after your boat, if you can stay alone," she said.

"Oh, don't be long," he cautioned.

Presently she came back triumphantly.

"You're a great girl on the water," he observed admiringly. "My name is Richards—I just came to the hotel this morning."

"You are making sport of me," cried Eula blushing furiously. "I really never did such a thing before in all my boating experience."

"I am wandering," ignoring her interruptions, "if you can possibly be the sister of whom Dick Gardner is so proud?"

"That is my brother's name," she admitted.

"Then we are old acquaintances. Dick is coming down this afternoon—he'll tell you about me."

The young man seemed to be recovering rapidly.

"I am hungry as a bear," he admitted.

"That is a good indication, isn't it, Miss Gardner?"

With much merriment Richards built a fire of the sticks Eula gathered. He opened cans from the tinied provisions with which the locker was stocked, and made coffee over the coals.

When they returned to the hotel under the breathless heat of the afternoon sun, the piazza was deserted.

"Look, look," breathed the dainty charming girl gathered in the parlors that evening. "There he comes. Isn't he stunning in evening clothes?"

"I wonder now if Eula doesn't regret her ride! She seems to have burned worse than usual."

Someone led the distinguished young artist forward. He greeted each girl with a kindly sweeping look that the felt took in every detail of her appearance.

"Miss Gardner," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I believe we have met before."

Eula's dusky face grew a little pale.

"Come out on the veranda," he begged. "I must plead my cause right away. My name is Richards—but that doesn't happen to be at home is it."

Indeed, I did not mean to deceive you—only, I got tired of being Fenmore the artist, and like to be just a young man whom no one ever heard of!"

Eula smiled as she walked away.

"Do you receive so much attention?" she asked audaciously.

"Everything seems to come my way—except I'm not even safe upon the boundless deep!"

"Oh, I say, thank Heaven Fen is out of the way," observed Dick Gardner cheerfully, seeing Fenmore and his sister leaving the room. "Now there's some chance for the rest of us poor mortals!"

Fenmore moved some chairs into the moonlight.

"Miss Eula," he said, "will you take me on the water in the morning? It is absolutely useless for me to go alone, and I must get some sketches. In fact, I'd like to charter your boat for the season!"

"But my boat is out of order, Mr. Fenmore. It is liable to stop at any moment."

"Then we'll stock up that locker and take plenty of sketching materials," But my aunt objects to the water," murmured Eula suggestively.

The young man was silent for a moment, looking at her intently.

"Miss Eula," he said softly, leaning toward her. "I'll bribe Dick into going with us for a week. I'll give you seven days to—care as much as I do!"

"Then we will qualify ourselves to disporting with a third person."

Eula gasped.

"Do I take your breath? Well, you deprived me of mine this morning! Eula, I've loved you for months. I adored you this morning when you ran me down—you never did a cleverer thing! I'm so tired of my lonely little craft—I want you at the wheel—dear."

"I shall doubtless run over you every day," observed the girl softly.

"I have no doubt you will," answered Fenmore with conviction, but joyously.—Romantic Glenn.

Where Men Die

"To be rich and prosperous is a most desirable state for a nation, but it has its grave dangers. We are told that through this war the gold of the world may find lodgment in America and thus in time transform us from a debtor to a creditor nation. From the banker's and the investor's point of view this is a most desirable condition, but unless such a nation keeps jealous watch upon its morals and the practice thereof it soon becomes moribund with wealth and poverty-stricken of soul. America has worked hard to pay off the mortgage held by Europe. There is a national danger that when this is paid we shall become more slothful of spirit, more intent merely upon interest-getting than upon the use of money to keep our own people employed at living wages and our national life at high spiritual tension."

"The interior life from which England is suffering to-day results largely from a rich people growing richer without effort, and the constantly increasing sanctity of the rights of property as compared with the rights of humanity. The integrity of the English race and the individuality of the English character and all that are saving the day for that old country of long and tremendous history. The American nation of the present time has no such integrity of race, and individualism is not generally apparent in our people. We are led by our mental noses in whichever direction is desired by those who furnish our reading-matter and make speeches to us."—J. Davenport Whelpley, in the November Century.

A Profitable Business.

"Beguiled by the attractive wording of an advertisement appearing in a trade paper, a trusting investor from the north bought a sawmill in the White River bottoms of Arkansas. When he went down to take over his newly purchased property and to assume its management the recent owner met him at the railroad station and bade him welcome."

As they climbed into the native's buggy to drive through the woods to the spot where the plant was located, the stranger said:

"I wish you'd give me a few hints right off about how to run this business profitably. You see, I'm a little bit green at this line. I've been a lumber dealer all my life, but I never undertook to handle the raw material before."

"Well, mister," stated the Arkansan frankly, "I wish I could give you the advice you want, but I reckon I just don't know myself. My father-in-law died and left me this here mill in his will. My two boys helped me to run her, and there was no other hands, and so I never had to pay out nothing for wages. I stole all the timber I cut, and my stepbrother, who's the division freight agent for the railroad, used to ship all my lumber out for me, so I never had to pay no freight charge—and last year I come out \$2700 behind."

—Saturday Evening Post.

Compulsory Volunteering.

Senator Beveridge said the other day in Washington:

"The English volunteer system as it is now conducted, reminds me of the old story from Bolivia."

"Women in England today hand white feathers to young men who haven't volunteered. These young men are booted in the streets and theatres. A young Englishman out of uniform is apt to be called a coward by every girl who passed."

"Under these circumstances the English volunteer system reminds me of the Bolivian general who set out on a recruiting expedition. He wanted volunteers to put down a rebellion. Well, after he had been gone about a week he sent the war office this telegram:

"Volunteer spirit splendid. Am forwarding by steamer 150 volunteers. Please return the handcuffs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Match for Her.

A certain suburban theatre was very full when the young man entered. Presently he stopped beside a somewhat stout lady who was trying to occupy enough room for two.

"Is that seat engaged?" he asked politely.

The stout woman looked up angrily. "Yes, it is," she snapped. "I'm keeping it for a gentleman."

"That's me right enough!" smiled the witty youth, as he slid into the seat. "But how did you know I was coming?"—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Her Deep Affections.

"Now, Maud," said Edgar with a complacent smile. "I am ready to try that little experiment. I am sure I can bring you under the hypnotic influence if you will agree not to resist. Just put your mind in a passive condition. Try to think of nothing at all. Fix your eyes on that light, now don't forget to keep your mind a blank. In the meantime I will count 60 seconds by my watch."

The girl followed directions literally. In 20 seconds her eyelids blinked; in 40 they closed.

"Ah, I knew I would succeed!" exclaimed Edgar, highly elated. "Now, Maud, I command you to tell me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I command you!"

A momentary expression of resistance crossed the girl's face, then she spoke in a monotone:

"I love Edgar Popham, and"—

"Yes, yes," cried Edgar, trembling with delight. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart."

"I love Edgar Popham," continued the girl in the same tone, "and I would love him more if he were not so stingy. I want to go to the theatre twice a week, and he takes me only once in three months. I want diamond rings and he gives me rings with cheap stones in them. When I go out with him and get hungry he never thinks of oysters. When I"—

"Enough," cried the young man. "Awake! I command you!" And he fled without waiting to see the result of his command.—New York Evening Journal.

Not Risking It.

An old country farmer lost his barn last year by fire. They said at the time that he was insured for more than the building was worth and that he was not sorry to see the old shed destroyed.

Unfortunately for his hopes, however, the insurance people took advantage of an option in their policy and replaced the barn instead of giving him the money greatly to his disgust.

Not long afterward the traveling agent of a life insurance company came into the village, and among others, solicited the old man to effect an insurance on his life.

"No, no," said the farmer. "I should feel as if I were going to die tomorrow."

"Well," said the agent facetiously, "if that is the case, take the insurance on your wife."

"You don't catch me there, either," chuckled the old man. "I know the way of you insurance chaps. You would just go and give me another old jado even worse than the first."

Still Ahead.

Among the passengers on a train on a one-track road in the middle West was a talkative jewelry drummer.

Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. An express came along and before it could be stopped, bumped the rear end of the first train.

The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head-first into the sea ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears.

He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. He drew a long breath, straightened up, and said:

"Well, they didn't get by us, anyway."—N. Y. Times.

David and Goliath.

"You're a liar!" drawled the little man.

"What!" roared the big man, clenching a huge fist. "Do you dare to call me that, you poor, puny pitiable, little puppy?"

"I do," came back the defiant reply. "If you speak another word, you grant lump of podgy pork, I'll soon cut you short!"

"Cut me short you cheese-mite!" shouted the enraged giant.

"Yes and here, go!" snapped the little man, before the bulky one could utter a word, he rang off and hung up the receiver.—Tit-Bits.

Useful Knowledge.

"Some of the grandest discoveries of the ages," said the great scientist, sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."

"I can readily believe that," said the fair lady. "I once made one that way myself."

The great man blinked his amazement.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it."—Christian Register.

Versatile.

It was at a reception and the two friends had met, according to the Washington Star.

"Do you know," said Ina, "it was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Josephine was just telling us about her fiancé being 'so versatile'?"

"Meaning Webb?" replied Kathleen, smiling. "Well, dear, he is rather versatile, you know."

"Nonsense," cried Ina. "You know, Kathleen, he is a regular idiot."

"Yes," replied Kathleen, "but he's so many kinds of an idiot."

No Progress.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has a way of speaking his mind that is sometimes embarrassing to others. On one occasion an inexperienced young fellow was called upon to make a speech at a banquet at which former Speaker Cannon was also present.

Gentlemen," began the young fellow, "my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of—"

"Sit down, son," interrupted "Uncle Joe," "you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

(An extremely difficult dance, requiring many weeks of practice.) Turn your partner's back to the wall—so she can't see where she's going—and push her gently the way of the hall. When all the way there turn her half-way around and push her the other way. If she doesn't like it, push her through the window.—Yale Record.

"Pa, what is an ideal?"

"It's what your mother thought she married when she got me."—Detroit Free Press.

All Sorts.

"I wonder if I will ever learn how to dance?"

"Oh, yes! If you don't mind how many enemies you make."—Life.

Mabel—Are you going to the whist club this afternoon?

Alfred—No; it's my turn to stay away and be talked about.

Daughter—Ma, Mr. Bunkleigh is coming here tonight. If he should ask me to marry him, how shall I answer?

Mother—Promptly, my child.

"I assure you, madam, my ancestors came over with the first settlers."

"Very likely. We had no immigration laws then."—Baltimore American.

Fred—What's a flinty, dad?

Cobwigger—That's when you happen to meet the right girl after you have married the wrong one.—Judge.

"Was there much mourning in society among the girls when the catch of the season was engaged?"

"Well, all the belles were told."—Baltimore American.

"This is fine growing weather!" triumphantly stated honest Farmer Jolly.

"What is that to you?" snarled J. Fuller Gloom, the vilo and venomous pessimist. "I've got my growth."—Judge.

Customer—Is this parrot a good talker?

Dealer—Talker! Why, mum, his last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgewise.

Wigg—I understand her husband died from the effect of one of their quarrels.

Wagg—Yes, she admitted she was in the wrong and the shock killed the poor fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

"Two heads are better than one."

"Not the morning after."—Washington Herald.

He—I think there are microbes in kisses.

She—Have you tried one of mine?—Judge.

"Did that palmist tell you the truth about yourself?"

"Yes, but my wife has been doing that for years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"What's your mother doing, sonny?"

"She's canning."

"What's your father doing?"

"Gettin' pickled."—Indianapolis Star.

Lady (to tramp)—Now I hope you won't spend the money I've given you for vile liquor.

Tramp—I'll get the best I know about, mum

